1969-Feb

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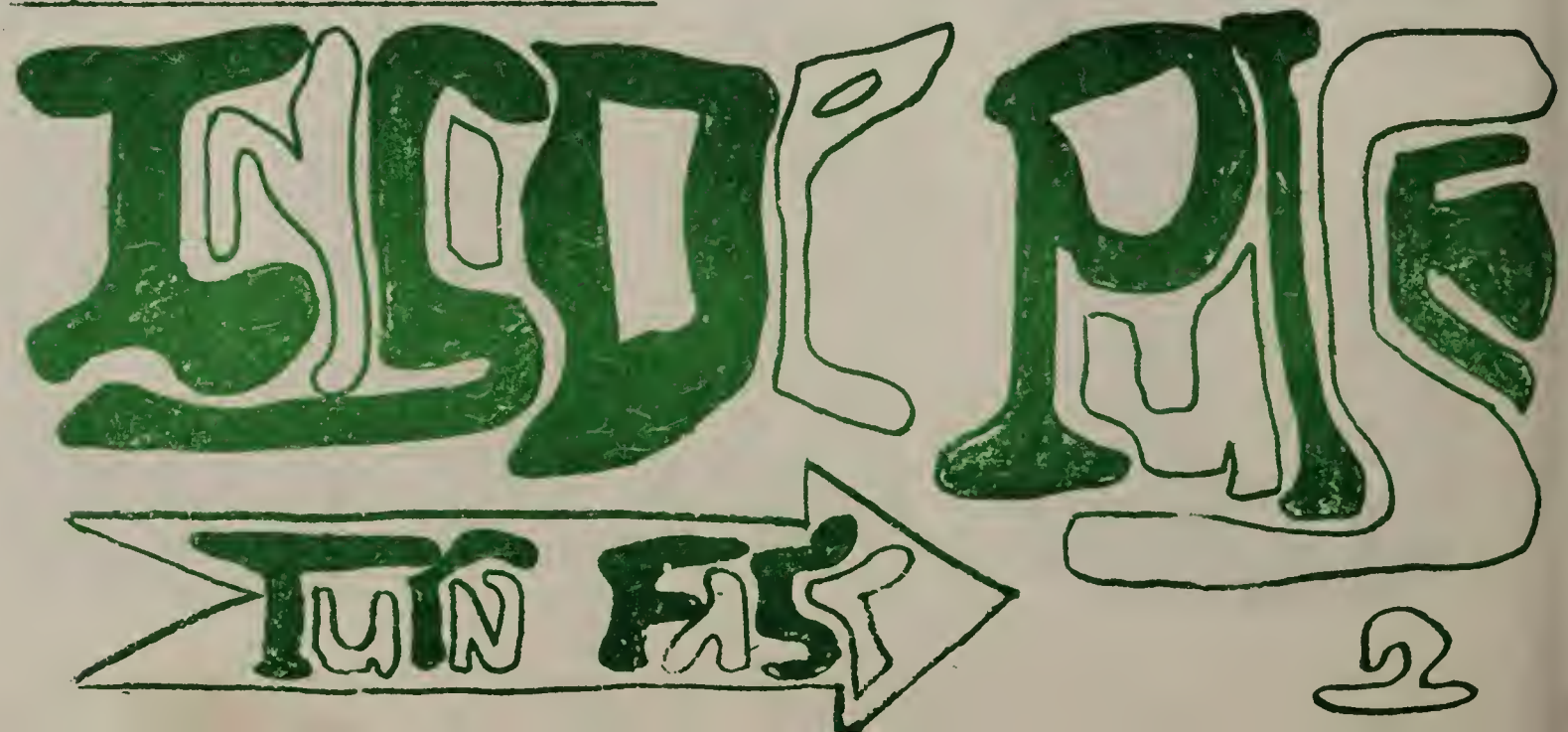


Xavier Hosts Prospective Members

Once again we experienced the weekend of "the new boys." The workshop weekend Feb. 7-9 chalked up another "first" here at Xavier. Unlike the minor seminarys' workshops, this one lasted only a weekend, and was designed for the senior (or junior) in high school. Fr. Falce, Cincinnati Province Vocation Director, intended to find out, not necessarily if a boy would make a good priest, but merely if we would want these men to live with us. From all observations they proved to be quite "liveable." (Ed. note: perhaps more so than some of us.)

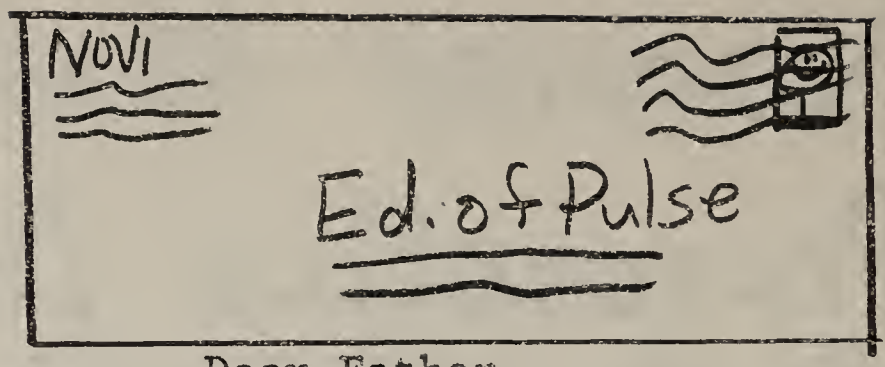
Fr. Hanish assigned 8 Xavierites and Br. Gerard assigned certain of his men to the office of "big brothers" for our prospective colleagues. Our main job involved interpreting a seminarian's college life. We shared our living quarters with them, ate our meals together, and took them to various classes, even to Greek! After classes on Saturday they toured the grounds. The science building and Halleck center accentuated their orientation of the campus. Saturday afternoon our directors visited with them as a group and on an individual basis. Later in the afternoon a few of the boys got together for a wet and snowy football tilt. Most of the group spent their recreation time in the "X" enjoying ping-pong, records, or masterful chess games. After a disheartening loss to Valpo, the whole hall gathered in the "X" for a pizza

cont. on p. 19....

Vol. VI, No. 2 **Pulse** FEBRUARY, 1969

Pulse is the literary disaster produced by the students of Xavier Hall, St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, whenever they get enough material worth publishing (and sometimes when they don't have enough worth publishing.)

Letters to Editor



Dear Editor:

Your cover of the Winter Number of Pulse brings out a common error popular today. You show the Nativity scene without the Child Jesus lying in the center.

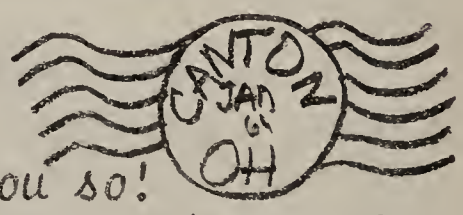
Christ must always be present to our minds and hearts--we must know Him and love Him. If we don't, we will never be able to see Him and love Him in others--the poor, the suffering, the outcasts. Vincent de Paul's love and action went out to the poor, Damien's concern was directed to the suffering, and Gaspar's zeal toward the unfortunate. But these saints first contemplated God and learned to love and act for Him, and then they were able to see Him in others.

We better put Christ back into the crib and into our hearts. At the same time we will put the image of Him in those who need help. Otherwise, we will end up with some sort of confused social action without the main spark.

May God Bless You All,
Dios Vos Bendica!
Padre Antonio Teolis,
C.PP.S.

Dear Father,

Our cover was designed to draw mixed responses from our readers. Obviously you have found an answer in your devotion, to the question mark that appeared in the crib. Please have patience with those of us who are still searching.



Dear Ed:

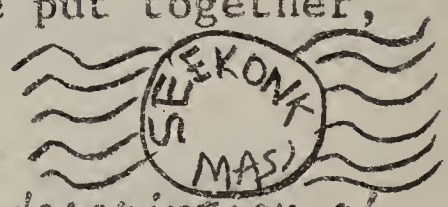
I told you so!

Joe (T.H.E. MAN) Namath

P.S. Next year I guarantee K.C. Chiefs over Chicago Bears 35-10.

Dear Joe,

Your humility overwhelms me but I'm sorry about next year. I am very confident that the score will be Green Bay 76, everybody else put together, 14.



Dear Editor:

In his description of Homecoming Week-end, Gene Zondlo stated that the parade through Rensselaer was a first in the history of the college. Not so. There have been other Homecoming parades through

Rensselaer, equally as large if not larger, with bands and floats. It may be of interest to note that on two previous occasions Xavier Hall won first place with its float. No doubt the most beautiful of these was the one entitled Our Lady of Fatima, which won the first place in 1952. You will find a picture of it in the 1953 edition of Phase. Present in Xavier Hall at the time were people with such familiar names as Phil Gilbert, Leon Flaherty, and Joseph Jakubiak.

Fr. Charles Robbins

Dear Father,

Thank you for your thoughtful correction to Mr. Zondlo's article. Thank you more for taking the time to read Pulse.

Dear Steve,

Just a note to congratulate you on winning the student senate seat from Xavier Hall. I'm sure you will fill the post well. (A chair would be too big for you, "buster"! And also since I haven't done it yet, congratulations on Pulse. Let's see, what else can I flatulate about? Just in general, I'd like to present a few basic pointers for all: 1) Be cool, it's the key to happiness; 2) Strive to be perfect like yourself and not like someone else; 3) Workshops can make you holy; 4) CCD stands for cute and curvy deviations; 5) God is your co-pilot (if you don't have an airplane you're out of luck); 6) it's not falling that is the worst, but staying on the ground; 7) the only thing that man is not responsible for is for being responsible; 8) define "responsible."

Sincerely,
Me

P.S. If you don't like it, quit.

Dear "Me,"

Thanks for the congratulations and other varied philosophical insights into our human situation at Xavier.

Concerning the letter above, written by "ME," I would say that he left out one thing which I would like to include here. "Hey Dave, got a dime?!"

Sincerely,
P.T.D.G.A.S.

G.T.H.E.S.

Dear Editor:

To put it bluntly, what has happened to the C.PP.S community at St. Joe's in the past several months? Not only has there been various breakdowns in so-called communication, due to outside interference, but a breakdown in fundamental trust.

The biggest breakdown seems to exist between the Schwieterman community and the Xavierites. The Mongies are no longer welcomed in Schwieterman unless they are properly chaperoned at all times--tremendous community spirit. Undoubtedly this edict was re-inacted after it was evident several Mongies were taking advantages of the availability of unlocked food-stuffs in Schwieterman. As has been seen before, the majority suffers for the deeds of the selfish few.

There also seems to be an unsettled trust existing between the 6th yrs. and the 5th years, the Brothers and the seminarians, and between permanently professed and aspiring members of the community.

What can be done about this situation? Not every member or aspirant of the community is guilty of mistrust, but what about those that are? A community cannot exist on mistrust. Maybe the whole series of issues will die out: but what if they do not? What happens when they reach the breaking point?

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Every moment is, in some ways, precisely that, a "breaking point", an opportunity to be open-minded, sincere, and considerate or any opportunity not to be. That answer may sound vague (It's so much easier to condemn than to question.) but the inner dynamics and life force of any community is the care and concern its members have for each other and (contrary to some) the true test of this care and concern is not the speed or bitterness of the retaliation against those who act as though they do not care. No, instead I think the authenticity of our community reflects itself in the "risk" and pain we are willing to turn out in order to understand and help our "problematic" population. Though concern for community does occasionally require restrictions only a few deserve, true community

still stems from true communication.

Dear Editor,

The purpose of this letter is to inquire about the condition of the B.P. Report. It seems that it was grossly exaggerated in part (especially the part about me!). Actually, the time for existence in Christopher Hall was 18 hrs. 19 min. 3 sec. so you see that I do keep track. John's ability to recall middle names is also questionable. Don Juan is unmistakably an oversighted error on his part. As for the refreshments that behemoth of the musical world enjoys, my abstinence is but a fortunate circumstance and I count my blessings!!!

Blackie

Dear "Blackie,"

Pulse welcomes your rejoinder to John's freewheeling insults. Writers with regular columns tend to become overbearing at times. I have the same trouble with Big Ed occasionally. However, on second thought, you must admit that John's insertion of Don Juan is more likely the mechanism of projection allowing him to project his many romantic adventures upon you.

****

"Love is a many splintered thing!" J.D.

Hall Seats Two Senators

On Wednesday, Feb.5,1969 the students of Xavier Hall elected Stephen Nett to act as their hall senator at the St. Joseph's Student Association meetings. The professed community members of Schwieterman Hall elected Dan Rogers to this office. Nett and Rogers were elected on a plurality vote. Xavier Hall contenders included Harrison Coerver, Vince Gulasa, Alan Hartway, and Bill O'Donnell. Only Bill Kunisch contested Rogers for the Schwieterman Senatorship.

Both Xavier and Schwieterman will have one vote in the Student Senate. Likewise, they will have an opportunity to make suggestions and represent the interests of the hall.

Orchids to Nett

now: to be

Once again the annual question has come to the forefront: What will novitiate be like next year? Since several Xavierites visited the major seminary and talked to some of the men who know what is going on in the community, a ray of light has penetrated the clouds of uncertainty. At long last we are sure of one thing. Nobody but nobody knows what the future of novitiate for the C.PP.S. community is.

There has been much speculation on the part of the seminarians during the past few months. Although it is not certain, novitiate as it now exists at Burkettsville, Ohio will be written off in the annals of history as a tradition of the past. When the business chapter decides (on April 22 or 23) to withhold the $30,000 allocation needed annually to operate St. Mary's Novitiate, the Mongies will have to find a new home.

What are the possibilities for the future? Perhaps it would be more practical to ask, "What is the purpose of Novitiate? Why do we go there in the first place? How is it a help in attaining the final goal, the priesthood? What qualities should be present for the formation of novices?" These are only a few of the questions some seminarians as well as certain priests are asking. We could probably get as many different answers to them as there are members and aspiring members in the community. Everyone seems to have a different concept of the ideal novitiate.

Many priests who didn't have a novitiate in their seminary training feel there is no need for one today. Other priests and seminarians maintain that since seminary training is becoming more and more liberal and less contemplative, the need for a 'time out" to reconsider the reality of a vocation is necessary.

The time and length of novitiate poses another real problem. Some seminarians feel that they need a "time out" after 2

or not to be

years of college. Others feel they should wait until they have their degree from college. Some feel that a whole year set aside is too long, that they could get a more realistic view of the community and the priesthood by spending part of that time assisting in priestly works. Others feel it takes almost a year before the real value of novitiate is reached. Some feel that a class should spend some time together before they can fully appreciate the value of a community. Others feel they could sense more of a feeling of community by spending that same period of time dispersed throughout the provinces. Some feel that they could never be really sure of their vocation unless they have this "time out" period. Others feel that they could skip this "time out" and proceed through the seminary training process.

I hope this gives the reader some idea of the uncertainty existing in the minds of many seminarians and priests. What is the ideal novitiate situation? Does it exist? These are questions the present novice master cannot answer, our provincials cannot answer, and I'm sure Pope Paul cannot answer. These are questions that should be bugging every community-minded member of our society. It used to be sufficient for pastors and educators to encourage vocations, then let a handful of elected or appointed men make the decisions about seminary training. In the era of Vatican II this passive attitude is no longer reasonable. We are in a transitional stage. The future of the hierarchy of the Church relies more upon the present generation that upon the future generations.

What lies ahead in the future for my class and the classes to follow? I don't know! At one point I was very much in favor of maintaining the status quo in regard to novitiate. Now I recognize the possibility that some other system may be better. Maybe the answer lies in dealing with each aspiring novice individually. Maybe the time has come to quit dealing with classes as species who reach another step on the ladder to the priesthood year after year. Maybe technology overstepped its limits in the past. Maybe humanism and individualism will be the trends of the future. On

cont. on p. 19

upper room

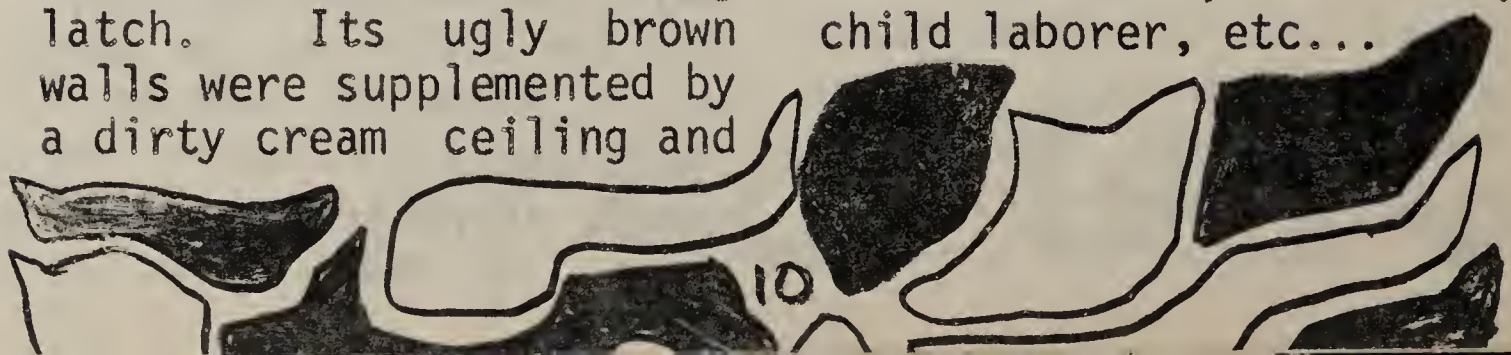
The little room above the sacristy has a long but colorful history. A long time ago, I'm told, this now notorious room was a pottery shop, then a ham radio shop, an electric shop of a beast called Jake McBull, and finally the private speakeasy for the wild exploits of the Kroger-Werner epic.

It was because of their glorious adventures that it came to my attention for reasons I may not disclose at present for fear that the "Mighty Three Law Firm" may sue.

It was Jeff's idea, in true leadership fashion, to renovate what he humbly called Jeff's Place. The place was a real dump before we started on what seemed an easy task. The windows leaked causing much of the plaster to deteriorate over the last thirteen years. There were holes in the ceiling that only Jeff and Dave can explain. Some past industrious "carpenter" found the most unique places to nail useless boards. The door was only a facsimile of an' entrance with a missing latch. Its ugly brown walls were supplemented by a dirty cream ceiling and a creaky wooden floor. In the age-old tradition of institutionalism many people had attempted to disguise the walls, floor, and even the ceiling with antique junk. Very carefully we loaded the precious articles into three truckloads thereby revealing the forgotten ruins. Finally we found a real valuable antique, rusty sink.

After looking over the situation Jeff decided to throw more light upon the ruins by adding more light sockets and electrical outlets. He soon saw his error, however and left me the ruins as my headache, i.e. inheritance. I took my responsibility in stride and commenced by re-plastering the walls, painting the entire room, giving the windows a thorough re-conditioning, etc. etc. etc. Believe me, there was a great deal of work done up there so far, not all mine!

My loyal partners comprised such great as Mr. Merriman, and Ol' brown-nosed Steve Nett, professional servant, slave, child laborer, etc...



The new easy-clean floor was procured and put down by Brother Jim and his groovy crew; Paglia, Ralston, and Mescher.

The new sink must not be forgotten eventhough E-bach and Cahoon put it in for me. The furniture, $150-worth to be exact, was another great addition.

Future plans for the room, lovingly called the Upper Room, include black lights, psychedelic posters, and florescent paintings and writings to supplement Fat Al's spider web upon the ceiling.

What is the room intended for? A "discussion" room, reading room or lounge, perhaps? Sorry, that is your worry. You see, Fr. Hanish didn't like my suggestion. So let your guidelines be your guide.

Virgil Keller

8 INTERIM

From January 6-28 a total of 17 Xavier Hall mongies were willing To sacrifice a part of their precious four-week Christmas vacation to further enhance their vast knowledge of psychology, philosophy and mathematics.

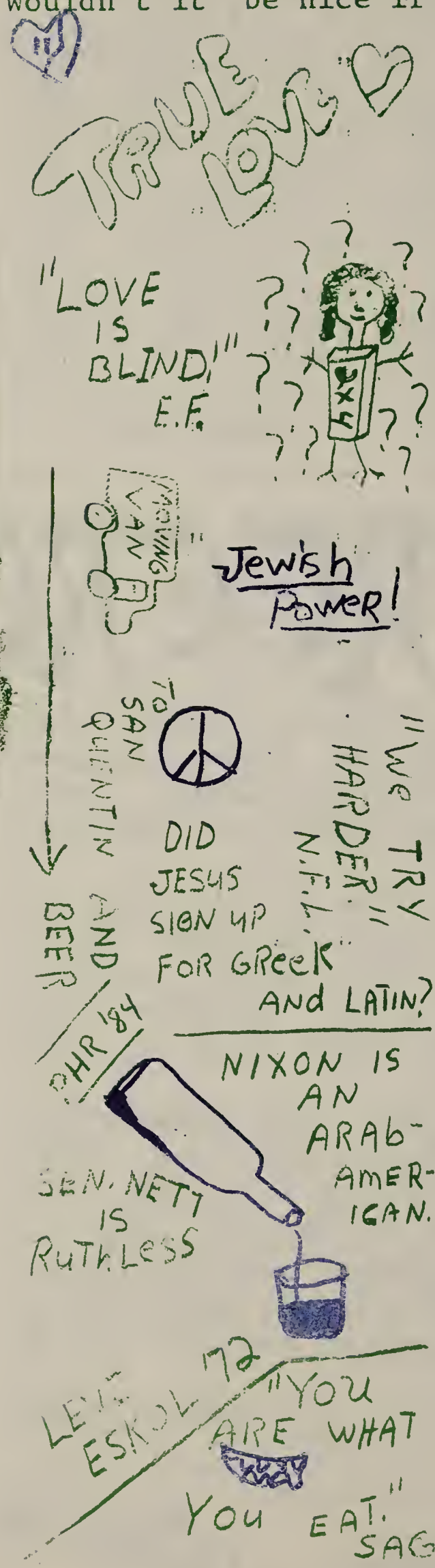
While James Blackwood and Steve Nett attended a movie course in abnormal psychology and spent their free time psychoanalyzing the eleven other students who spent their 10 days talking about "Nothing-" Gene Zondlo, Glen Brandel and Frank Hubeny stuck to the fine art of calculus.

Taking all into consideration, for those taking courses during the '69 Interterm it was time well spent eventhough they had had to return to the hall one, two, even three weeks ahead of the rest. Why, if it had not been for these "courageous, self-sacrificing" individuals, who were without adult supervision, our house would have remained as we had left it in '68.

Dennis Myers

RABBI'S RUBBISH

Wouldn't it be nice if



Valentine from Vicki Slike?

Henderson knew that man does not live by cliches alone?

O'Donnell took a course in "X" management?

the carpentershop gang spread good cheer instead of mattresses to the people of Rensselaer?

Dumminger knew the difference between a board and a broad?

novitiate for certain 5th years was moved to San Quentin for grand larceny?

Brandel wasn't smart enough to take Greek on independent study?

Graboski sang only instrumentals?

Graupera had some friends that carried holy pictures in their billfolds?

Fr. Kuhns and Fr. Rodak "forgot" to sign up for teaching their important courses?

Lukas, Frank, and Hoar were allowed to attend benediction and Mass via T.V.

if the chapel was redone in a modern Hebrew style instead of its present style of early Peking Man?

the 6th years were allowed to have novitiate as they wanted it--over the rocks with a twist of lemon?

one could hybernate for four years during the Nixon administration and then wake up?

I didn't try to run a taxi service for the new dorm.

Patrick (Rabbi) Riha

IM SPORTS

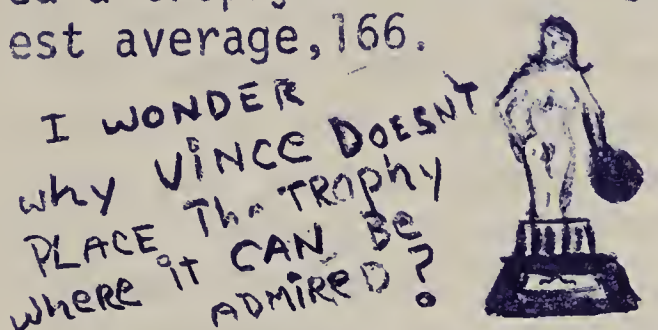
A lot of time has gone since the last issue but not much in the way of IM Sports due to the long semester break.

Before Christmas though the Xavier Cue Balls advanced to the bowling tournament, the first Xavier team to do it.

In the final league game the Cue Balls captured the remaining tournament spot by winning the second game and total pins. Down by 4 pins after the first game Vince Gulasa led the comeback with a stunning 244. He bowled 7 straight strikes before faltering under the pressure. The effort helped erase the 4-pin deficit and catapulted the Cue Balls over the Halas Fortes by 37 pins.

In the semifinals Gallagher Zoo #2 eliminated the Cue Balls by 9 pins. The Cue Balls gave up 6 pins handicap in each game. The Cue Balls led by 45 pins after the first game and bowled consistently with a total of 766 for both games, but the Zoo added 94 points to their first game total and defeated the Cue Balls by 54 pins in the second game.

Vince Gulasa was awarded a trophy for the highest average, 166.



The Mongie basketball team, not to mention the rest of Xavier reported back to school a week and a half before the second semester. Hopefully, the few practices held would help during the basketball tourney coming up.

Finishing my article two days after the deadline, I have sadly had to face the facts. Practice doesn't help. The Xavier Mongies were eliminated from the basketball tournament on two consecutive nights. Both teams defeated us in similar fashion. The Bennett Eggmen soundly defeated us 68-42. Their man-to-man defense and fast break offense was the key to the victory. Unaccustomed to facing a man-to-man, the Mongies didn't score till the score was 13-0. Rebounds were pretty even but they hustled for easy scores with the fast break. Even though shooting very poorly, twice the Mongies narrowed the score

cont. on next pg.

NEW COLOR IN XAVIER

Xavier Hall has finally taken the big step. In this present age of technical advances and the modern living, Xavier Hall has jumped right in swing of things by purchasing a color TV. With the amount of television viewing that the Xavierites do, we decided to make it a real pleasure. At least ane thing, Terry Frank and Greg Lukas can spend ten hours a day in a different atmosphere other than a black and white mood all day. Too bad Smurd and Kaminsky aren't back in Xavier now also.

The cost was split between the Student Fund and the Hall Fund. The cost was $390. The part from the Hall Fund was due to a donation from friends of Fr. Hanish. The Student Fund paid the remaining $150.00.

Fr. Hanish bought the set in Chicago and got a very good deal. It is a 23" Sylvania. It is something very worthwhile. The idea was talked about last year but there were conflicting opinions about buying one then. (Scorch, please note: the TV has been here one month without being stolen.) It was discussed earlier this school year and the hall consented to the idea and gave me freeway to look into it. So after Christmas vacation the deal was made. I would like to thank Fr. Hanish and those who made the donation since they had much to do with its purchase.

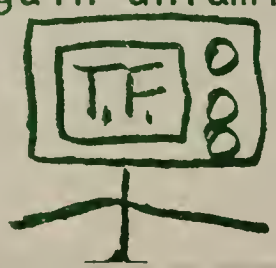
Gene Zondlo

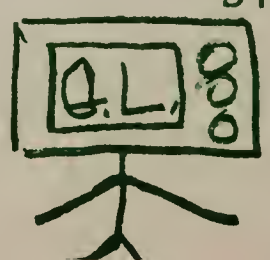
IM Sports cont.

to 4 and 5 points. Switching to a full-court man-to-man press the Eggmen eased away for a 26 point victory.

The Noll Qt. Knights put the clincher on tourney hopes with a 50-37 victory. Again unfamiliar- it with a man-to-man defense and poor shooting victimized the Mongies. The Knights were rougher on the boards but the Mongies did a better job against the fast break. The effort only kept the score within striking distance.

Bill Lessard



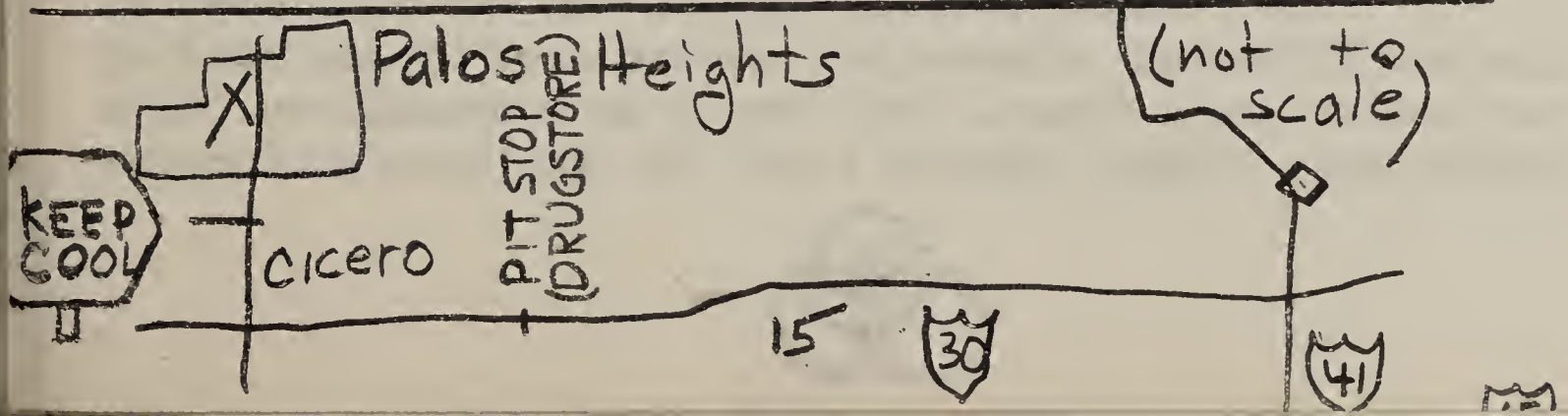


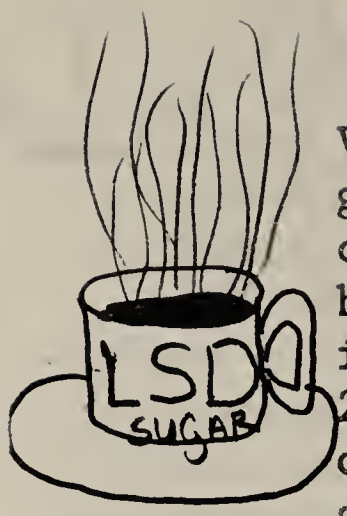
Anyway You Slice It

One by one, or in small groups, the members of Xavier and Christopher Halls came straggling in after their Christmas vacation. The BP's were first on the scene, where they were happy to see St. Joe's still prospering, despite two weeks without them. They pitched right in, though, to avert the collapse which was no doubt imminent. In the next two weeks the more academically eager mongies showed up for the interterm courses, happy to see that the B.P.'s had got back in time. The rest of the mongies shuffled in on the 19th--they were NOT happy to see that the B.P.'s got back in time. Our community was almost complete again, save for Rich Longsworth and Dave Kenney, who managed to drag their feet for another week, Give some people an inch... Tom Bohman took the job of greeting everyone at the door and passing out knives. We were all prepared to cut into the second semester of 68-69.

Even before we all got back social activities were under way. Fr. Hanish celebrated Mass after a get-together of all the students then on campus in the lounge of new dorm. We who came later are jealous when we hear of the good times at this and other gatherings, both in the new dorm and even out at Scharf House, scene of many a merry ice skating party, rifle match, and horse riding excursion, and just plain old GT's. (Not DT's!)

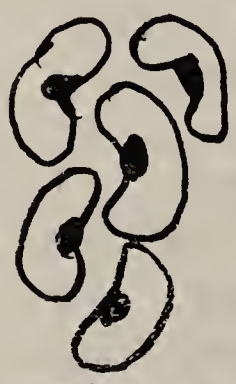
A number of quite notable hall improvements surprised us as soon as we walked in. We found a brand new Sylvania color TV set in the rec room. It certainly is good to see something tangible result from the hall fund created by those $1000 loans. However, most of the TV was paid for by another fund consisting of gifts to the hall. The "Upper Room" in the back of Chapel is nearing the end of its metamorphosis--from an electrical jungle to little living room. Virge bought two long couches and two easy chairs with more of the hall fund from Wright's funiture, used. They look sharp and feel





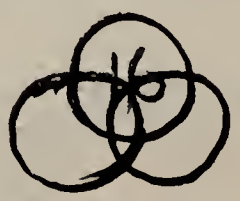
Vacation ended on the 19th, so for most mongies there were ten days left--time for a quick trip in existentialism at the coffeehouse, or for making up work hours. The official interterm dates were January 6th to the 24th, but three departments offered ten day courses that started later. These were still good for 3 hours of credit. Philosophy 46 and English 49 collaborated with "Ten nights in a coffeehouse." The course involved intensive reading and seven or eight movies concerned with existentialism, and without a term paper. The psychology department sutdied "Psychopathology in the Cinema," with a different set of movies.

When we left, our basketball varsity had been off to a very impressive start. This is reputedly the best team St. Joe has had and will have for a long time, so this should be the big year. But the Pumas ran into some trouble on their California tour, so they came back with something like 7 and 7 for the season so far. They went on to win a big one over Butler back here in quite the exciting game, by one point. But then they lost again to Ball State by two. No doubt, it, too, was exciting, but unfortunately that's not the object.



We also came back to some new faces. Oscar Orrego is a Chile-bean from Santiago. He's up in the States making his novitiate for a year before he returns for his Theology. He first lived in Xavier, but now he's in Schwieterman Hall with the supermongies. Pat Riha pulled a Dave Kenney by dropping in the Hall after 6 months away. He came, he saw, and he went back to Xavier. Evidently he made a six month retreat at St. Benedict's.

We found a new liturgy on our return, featuring the different canons but accentuated by new sets of vestments; simple ones, not draped with symbolism. The canons seem to have spread from Fr. Van Horn's "under-



ground" Mass,(Or so Jasper County would like to think). It really is underground--in Dwenger Hall's basement,SSo far about seven priests consistently show up to concelebrate the Community Mass, at 11:55 this semester. It is interesting to note how each tries to do his own little thing. Thus after Communion we'll get exhortations like "The Lord IS with you," and "The Lord STAY with you!" In such a way does the Great Renewal reach even St. Josephs Collage.

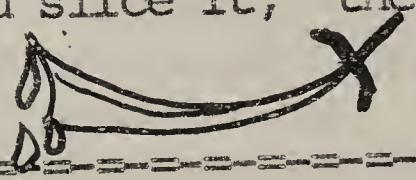
Two former supermongies, now theologians, Tom Hemm and Jim Gettig, have taken off for Chile as the first seminarian missionaries in the Society. They spent the last five months in Ponce, Puerto Rico to learn Spanish. Now they will take their four years of Theology at the University of Santiago. The Community held a departure ceremony for them at St. Charles. Just about all the supermongies and all the BP's went, along with about seven Xavier representatives. Joe Botom, a deacon, gave a homily which incorporated a presentation of Bill Cosby's "Noah's Ark." He encouraged the Society's mission effort, which has been threatened by discouragement lately. It's a tough question. Next, Fr. Byrne presented the two with mission crucifixes. The 6th years here know both Tom and Jim, and we wish them God's help--especially Tom, a self-proclaimed Pulse lover!

Well, this column just would not be itself without mentioning the WHAP of the month, our work program, and our endearing assistant director. The second has been taken care of. The first is hard to determine in the wake of the super bowl whap. I suppose we could give it to the vocation office for their caption in the C.PP.S. TOMORROW, which says that the Chapel is the center of campus life. But I think we'd be wrong there, because it's not the Vocation Office's fault that it doesn't seem to be, and maybe it just is the center of campus life--more than we know. So I'm afraid that there might not be a whap of just the month after all,

Buster B.A.

but I'm going to substitute with a soon-to be-coveted award in a new category. The first winner of the Buster B.A. Award is John Grabo-ski for wearing a actual black patch. It is a hall first, and we are proud to be the first hall to take up the Moyshe Dayan look in fashions. Joe Col, look out for Buster BA; he is BAD! Finally, I'd like to congratulate both Fr. Hanish and Fr. Fishgerald on their harmonious co-direction of the hall. If I might, I'd like to compare the arrangement they have even to a musical group namely and to wit; and note this) Country Joe and the Fish. (Shades of Seely's army!) Some have claimed that the hall is understaffed, in view of the residents, but these two have composed a set of guidelines which has trebled the cooperation and spirit in Xavier-- in fact it has changed the whole tone of our community life. Thank you again-- this is music to our ears.

I can't go on. Any more of this and I'll get the axe. But any way you slice it, the second semester is off to a good start.



David Monastyrski

cont. from p. 9

the other hand, maybe the status quo will be more beneficial in the long run.

It appears that the only hope for the future lies in the hands of the Holy Spirit. Our only hope is that he will enlighten the minds of those men who will be faced with the tasks of forming future policies and those who must accept them. They must open their minds to all possibilities and put aside all prejudices. They must weigh the ideas of others and kill their pet peeves. They must look at the dictates of history and be willing to lay aside their preconcieved notions.

Beyond this it is the responsibility of the future novices to make their personal preferences and convicitons known. Once the big decision has been made it will be up to us to support that decision and do everything possible to make the new program work.

Dave Kaiser

party. The main attraction that night involved many interesting group discussions with Brs. Gerard and Sebastian, and Frs. Hanish, Falce, Reale, and Martoch. John Graboski put on an interesting side show satirizing the teeny bopper "bourgeousie" music of 1910 F. G. C. Etc... On Sunday the hosts and the "workshoppers" participated in a concelebrated Mass, and Fr. Reale gave a most appropriate sermon in which he accentuated the role of freedom and personal responsibility. We had lunch together and then they returned home, with plenty to think about, I'm sure. We all sincerely trust that we, the hosts, and you, our fellow classmates, developed in these young men a sense of community geared to the Xavier Hall environment. Good luck, "workshoppers," and thanks to all for your cooperation.

Dave Kenney

Staff

Editor, *Steve Nett*; Assistant Editor, *Steve Ploetz* Business Manager, *Gene Zondlo*; Production Managers, *Richard Longsworth and Frank Hubeny*; Artists, *Alan Hartway, Jim Blackwood, and Bill Stang*; Photographers; *Glen Brandel, Ed Lampa, Ed Reed, and Jim Brown*; Moderator, *Fr. Joseph Hanish, C.PP.S.*

Thank You!

Pulse thanks Brother Robert for his generous donation of printing meterials and Fr. Spanbauer for letting us use his office typewriters.

BP REPORT

Now that it is so far after the deadline that even I am beginning to feel guilty about it, I am once more obliged to grace the eyes of my readers with all of the exciting bits of news in Christopher. In preparing the column for this issue I have several times been tempted to write something critical or incisive. However rather than depart from the well-received form of the past two issues I shall continue as your objective, un-biased news reporter. I feel even more obligated in this respect since Jerry Montana assures me that the only way he ever finds out what is going on in the postulancy is to read this report.

I feel especially honored in this issue to have the great privilege of presenting to you one of the most talented young aspirants to our community that Osgood, Ohio has been able to produce. I am sure that he really needs very little introduction, as Tom's proficiency at ping-pong has already made him a dark horse candidate for captain of the United States olympic team and his performance in theology class has well illustrated his abilities in other areas. It was with some misgiving that I asked Tom to contribute to this colomn, feeling that perhaps I would insult him with such a trivial task. However, he most graciously consented to inspire us all with a few words from his golden tongue. And so without further ado here are Mr. Bohman's words of wisdon to inspire us all. (Although I must confess that I do not understand everything Tom offers, in all true humility I must concede his undoubted superiority and can only hope that you readers will enjoy more success in unravelling the complexities of a truly great literary masterpiece.)

"In trying to help supplement T.H.E. report of Pulse, I feel grossly incapable (notice the spirit of humility Tom inserts in order to make his readers feel more comfortable) of stabbing at the usual 4.00 index style of writing equated (even though he is attempting to communicate

on our lower level Tom is unable to completely leave his own highly precise mathematical mind) with this column, but I will humbly attempt to fill in white space (Tom explains that the paper you are reading is white) anyway.

"The main reason for this insert was the concern of many readers about the lack of knowledge of one, i.e. me, (once again Tom clarifies his complicated terminology) of our innumerable 13 B,P,'s, (Tom is aware that numbers higher than 3 are incomprehensible to all but those of his intellectual caliber and therefore explains 13 ad innumerable,) So for humanitarian reasons, here is a little about our editor, (although Tom is no doubt aware of the difference between a columnist and an editor he probably feels that the concept of editor is more familiar to his readers.) namely I.B.M. John Charles Thomas "Recede" (since it is often difficult for common folk to associate the abstract concept of a name with a physical object Tom establishes an identifying characteristic) Rietschlin. John, as we call him in his humble abode of computer pin-ups (this is one term that I am at a loss to explain) and other assorted articles of interest, pleaded with me to write this article when he had too much 4.00 homework to do. However, after looking over his differential equations (note how elements of Tom's high intellectual level continue to enter) and psychoanalyzing his penny collection (undoubtedly this is an advanced technique Tom has developed in his researched and mistakenly credited to someone else) on his desk, I decided that only one of his own vast knowledge (evidently, despite Tom's great efforts to the contrary, his own greatness has overwhelmed him and he has come to regard others only as extensions of himself), excluding of course Mike Kanaby's Ph.D. in Jokes of our Modern Times, (this is, perhaps, an area where Tom's superiority might be questioned) could write such a sagacious report. Frgo, I will bow out as I came into this report ....abruptly."

I hope that I have not confused too many of the readers by inserting commentary in the midst of Mr Bolman's text. However, I felt it my duty to share

what light my own research has shed upon his work. The reader who wishes to feel the beautiful underlying continuity of his comments might try reading through and skipping the parentheses.

It has became my feeling that the life of unselfish dedication being led by one of our postulants has in the past been largely unappreciated wanting perhaps only a bit of publicity. Undoubtedly those of you who are fortunate enough to attend this hallowed institution have noticed the bright, new atmosphere in our chapel. This change seems to have come about with the insta-lation of a new sacristan several months ago. (This is not meant to belittle the efforts of Mr. Blackwood whose somewhat limited efforts did give the religious exercises a special flavor.) Mr. Merriman, however, presents us with a spirit of dedication almost beyond belief. Never complaining, he gets up long before his fellows in order to prepare the altars for the holy sacrifice. Then until about 10:00 there comes a strange disappearance of Tom. While it has been maliciously rumored that during this period Tom goes back to bed I feel that the truth of the matter probably lies in his retirement into some quiet recess of his holy working place for a concentrated period of prayer and meditation with perhaps a few moments of revelling in the beauty of his surroundings. Tom tells me that since his line of work permits it he usually tries to serve 15 to 20 Masses a day. On one occasion he tried to beat the world's record in this regard. However, Mr. Henderson's achievement of 43 Masses, including 5 bishops, in 16 hours and 22 minutes seems almost insurmountable.

Speaking of Hugh, one quiet evening several weeks ago I was somewhat bemused to hear swelling hymns of adoration and the sweet smell of incense permeating our hall. As this is a rather abrupt departure from the usual sights and sounds in Christopher I decided to investigate. Making my way down the long, dark (but clean thanks to the house gang) corridors I struggled to breathe in the thick nauseating clouds of incense. As I approached Mr. Henderson's room the

stench grew stronger, the voices louder, and my watering eyes detected the flickering of dozens of candles. As I struggled forward at last I grasped the handle of his door when suddenly a huge net of rosaries entangled itself about me and I could scarcely move. Then a blinding light surrounded me and a loud deep voice boomed out. "Repent, sinner, for you are in the presence of the Almighty Archbishop of Collegeville!" My hand was trembling as I slowly turned the knob on his door, but my curiosity would not let me turn back. What a sight greeted my eyes as I strained to see through the rolling clouds of incense and the smoke of the candles. There was the Archbishop himself in all his regal splendour. A golden crown adorned his head and flowing robes hung from his shoulders as he ceaselessly waved his arms through the air giving the apostolic blessing. And there were all the other postulants kneeling in humble adoration and singing hymns of praise over their great fortune to be in this august presence. Although I was still held captive by the rosaries, I struggled forward, several times stumbling against old statues or reliquaries placed about the room for religious inspiration. At last I found myself at the archbishop's feet where he gave me his benediction and condescended to let me kiss his left little toe. But as he was removing his shoe the stench, along with that of the incense and candles left me unconscious and they were forced to carry me back to my room.

As one final note, Bro. Jerry Korba asked me to mention him in this report but since he requested that I not mention his bad habits I am at a loss for anything else to say and I will just have to forget it. Sorry about that, Jerry. (Ed. note: first time John as ever been at a loss for words.)

John Rietschlin

Reward: $1.00 To Anyone Who Sees Beastie Smoking

5 WORK IN HOSPITAL

In the early fall of the year 1964 Rev. Josepn Smolar C.PP.S. journeyed to that colossal structure huddled in the green hills outside Kansas City--notably Precious Blood Seminary. Previously, Father had been Dean of Men and taught biology at St. Joseph College, and his stay at P.B. was prescribed for rest and recuperation. It was here amidst the rigors of freshmen biology class that Father Smolar developed a friendship with the infamous class of '68. His stay at the minor seminary was brief and we all grieved when he left and moved to a more healthful post in sunny California. Our four years of high school sped by and Father was chosen to give our commencement speech, but was unable to attend the ceremonies because of illness.

In early 1967 Father Smolar was transferred to Little Company of Mary Hospital in Evergreen Park, Illinois. Realizing the advantageous proximity of St. Joseph's College, he devised a program by which five members of the P.B. alumni, Rick Coerver, Bernie Hahn, Gary Luiz, Mike Hoar and Gary Gettman could spend the latter half of their Christmas vacation(January 5th to January 19th) working at the hospital as chaplain assistants and physical therapy aides. Initially Father Smolar attempted to arrange some sort of pay for us, but his efforts were in vain, and subsequently,we were all more than willing to volunteer our services, especially since our food consumption was considerable. (Hoar and Luiz.)

Our work activities during the two week stay were regulated by a rather flexible schedule. Each day two men worked in physical therapy, two men accompanied the priests on communion checks and visits, and the fifth party rose at 6:30 a.m. and assisted the chaplain during communion rounds. This schedule was rotated daily so we each gained balanced experience in both the medical and physiological complexities of physical

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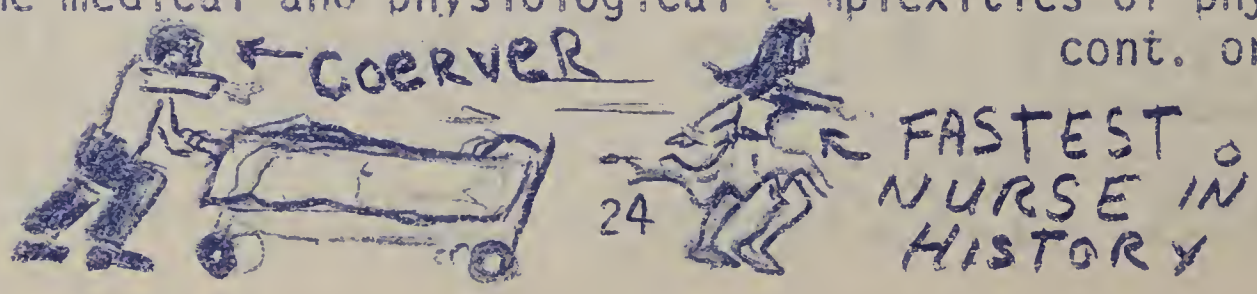


Epistle of Archbishop Henderson to the Rensselaeriars

My brothers and friends in Christ, I cannot sit back and say that I have some things to give, and that I would like to share and not share, for I'm writing this article because I have some things that I would like to share, to give.

Within recent years the ideal about Community has been pushed around, up and down, left and right. Recently I got this ideal from a young lad during our retreat who said, "We are united together under God for one purpose and that is to communicate." And if you really think about it, you and I are here on this earth to communicate with each other and to live by the law of God. It's like the saying: "I looked for myself--myself I could not see. I looked for God, but God evaded me. I looked for my neighbors and I found all three." This means I think that B.P.'s, Xavier guys, and C.PP.S. community members should be striving for a unity of spirit in a unique love (as one big happy family).

If we are an imitation of the Holy Trinity we can say that we are a community. If it is a community, then we are only loved by God, with a saving love, insofar as we belong to the community. To be "In Christ" means to belong to the community summoned by the Lord.

In the morning we assemble as a Christian community at prayer (sometimes); or does worshiping God mean anything to us today in this modern world in community. And it is imperative that we be aware of who we are and of who our brothers are. For I believe that our C.PP.S. community (not only this community, but any community or family) is a communion of persons in the one life which is that of Christ.

I may be wrong, but if it is true that we are community men, we must live by the law of the community. And to live by the law of the community is to live by love.

Love plays such an important part in each and every one of us that without this one cannot survive. I've heard before that without love there can be no pain. But it is equally true that without love there can be no happiness, for there can be no life. "Man cannot live by bread alone." In this day of psychological study and personality analysis, we know the truth of this statement as never before. Man's social needs, which must be satisfied by a favorable response from his fellows, are as vital as food itself in making his life complete. We must be "somebody" in the groups of which we are a part, not a "nobody." Our need for knowing we belong is also very great. So can you see my point? Well enough said! If you're as sophisticated as I think you are, you'll understand. If You're not, no amount of explanation would make it clear. But really we must love one another as our Father in Heaven has loved us. If we do not communicate, then there isn't love. "How can man love God whom he cannot see if he doesn't love man whom he can see." I would say that we are not loving because we are not accepting that person or understanding him for what he is. I believe that if this is established, then there is love; not only for the C.PP.S. but for all of Christ's people. This human love is the expression of the love of God working through the natural, God-created instincts of humanity.

Love is the essential feature of any community. It is not just the religious who live a community life, but also for every Christian. For we all are called to salvation. We are to save not only our own skin, not just our own special kind of friend, but all men, all our brothers in Christ.

x We must give ourself. We must constantly give if we belong to Christ, and we are to give, above all our love which is the hardest challenge. The love that we have, after all, is a givt from God.

As I was taught in my theology class by Fr. O'Dell, the Church is a human encounter. It must have visibility. That encounter is a human relationship with God,

And how is this? It is with each person that you and I come in contact with. It grows like any relationship through reflection, and expression and dies like any other human relationship that dies. For the Christian it grows only in contacts of human relationships and this again I think is where love comes in and plays an important part not only in the life of the religious or a priest but for each human creature that God has created. We, the Church, are a human event in which God's redemptive love meets man's response in human visibility.

So may I say that man does not live by bread and peanut butter alone, but for the love and glory of God, His people and their salvation which is only through God. For this is the reason why you and I are here. Now if we see our faults, let us try to understand God's people to understand our B.P.'s and Xavier guys and our C.PP.S. community members. "Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards."

Hugh Henderson

Classical Gas

With the month of February here, we finally got to see the results of the teacher evaluations in Stuff. The results were very interesting. Three profs refused to have the students evaluate them. Since there is no doubt that they are the best math and physics profs on campus, their refusal comes in good view. The evaluation team realized this. Congratulations, holdouts.

We just recieved a photo clipping from Ft. Gordon Gazette, an Army news release. Alan Hartway's sister was named Wac of the Week. Al;s classmates will vouch for the validity of the picture. Right, Dumm-Dumm? Whatever happened to Fat Al?

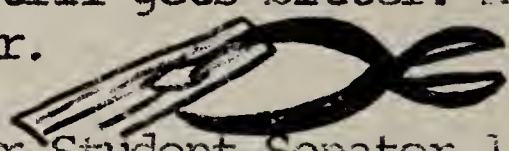
or Feicht's Flatulence

HE CAME BACK
AND WE'RE GLAD HE DID

The dawn of this new semester has seen the return of Pat Riha to our troops. With Pat's return comes the posters, buttons, and other junk that gave the fifth year study hall the appearance of a Love-In peace demonstration. Pat's collection has literally brightened up our study hall. His posters have taken the place of Mark's leaky fish tank in the corner. Good work, Pat.

Hi MARK

Jim Dunninger has been doing a fine job managing the concession stands. One of the main reasons for Jim's success in this field is Jim's untiring efforts in forming a better relationship between slave and boss. Jim has been going about this in a round-about way. Instead of communicating directly with his boss, he works through the boss's daughter. This is one of Jim's favorite extracurricular activities. We are only trying to help Henry Winter when we tell Dumm-Dumm to get his eyes checked. Jim still gets bitter. He may be the Giles Blackney of Xavier.



We held our elections for Student Senator last Wednesday. The results showed Steve Nett with 23 votes as the winner. Steve was the only choice on the ballot. We were able to spend some time with steve (who now insists on being called Dr. Nett) in private interview. (C.G. is Classical Gas, not Carlos Graupera.)

GOT'A DIME?

C.G.:How do you feel about getting elected to this post?

Dr.N.:I look upon it, as not an election, rather as an elevation to the office of hall senator, a post I much deserved.

C.G.:What did you think of the elections?

Dr. N.:They were held in true democratic fashion. I believe that 23 of the hall members voted correctly. I wish to commend them at this time. They are the only smart members of this hall.

C.G.:It seems to me that you received 23 votes. Is this true? 23? I didn't know we had THAT MANY POLLOCKS IN THE HA

Dr. N.: Certainly, you don't think I'd commend anyone for casting votes to O'Donnell, who can't run the "X" or to Coerver who would be a good representative for the New Dorm, Do you?

C.G.: *I Thought you might have a few words of consolation for your opponents.*

Dr. N.: In My last statement you received all the kindness my heart can produce in a single time lapse of twenty-four hours.

C.G.: *Dr. Nett thank your for being so kind as to allow me to spend this short time in your presence.*

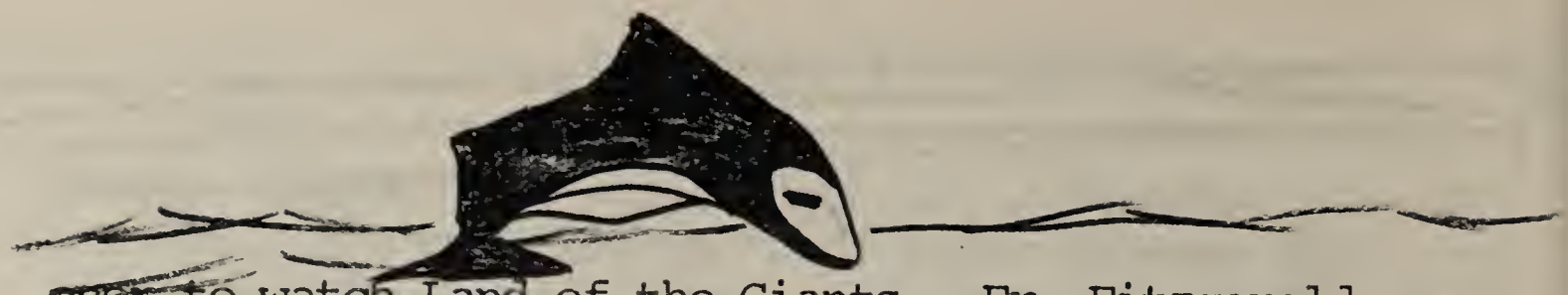
Dr. N.: It was all part of my job. There was no kindness involved. I must make it known to all the peasants how I feel about this hallowed job.

We then killed two turtle doves, placed incense before Dr. Nett, kissed his r___ and took our leave.

Mike "Clean Machine" Kanaby is setting the pace for hair wear this year. Mike has been working on a moustache for 3½years and finally he is leading the race. Paglia, Myers, Field and "Ferocious Frank" Huberty are only a few of the hair-raisers. It's a good thing that L.T. Langenkamp will be back next year. L.T. is practicing this year on Bruce the "hair-lip." Now we are using Br. Joe Minch's cat to keep the fifth years clean. We don't dare get the cat too close to Kanaby. If we did, it would be sure death for the poor pussy.

MEOW! meow!

Since the new color TV has been installed, we have uncovered quite a few interesting weaknesses on campus, namely the B.P.'s and Super-Mongies. We have taken a poll to find out some of the Xavierites favorite shows on color TV. Terry Frank and Greg Lucas have faithfully take the places of Sumurd and the Bird since they try not to miss a single show. Bill Stang spends his Saturday morning keeping in time with all the cartoon shows. Zondlo and Wags enjoy watching the Playboy Afterhours Show. Vince Lengerich and Joe Miller go for the more violent shows. Every evening at 6 and 10 they are in the crowd to watch the news. Hot Rod Jackson watches the weather, then he puts up his predictions on the Bulletin Board. Andy O'Reilly comes



over to watch Land of the Giants. Fr. Fitzgerald enjoys Flipper and Sea Hunt.

The liberal policies governing our hall cars have left something to be desired. Last Sunday it looked like rain so both hall cars ended up at the bowling alley. Real charity for the guys who wanted to go to the movie in town. vw yas lv kapj

Sunday night Beast and the honorable Dr. Nett took the car to town. After the movie Gene couldn't get it started. Recalling that Steve is a philosophy, psychology , language major we now continue with the account. Steve got out of the car, opened the hood and began to talk to the engine. He philosophized with it--no reaction. He tried to psych it out--no reaction. As a last resort, Steve tried Latin, Greek, Aramaic, and Yiddish chatter. Again there was no reaction. Here, Zondlo intervened and put forth a simple deduction that the car may be out of gas. Steve, obviously in trouble with all his prestige on the line said, "I proclaim this 1963 Pontiac vehicle of transportation to be void of the flammable liquid called fuel." The riders in the car being loyal subjects of Steve then proceeded to walk back to SJC. The next day I was determined to disprove Dr. Nett's decree. Ed Reed and I went downtown and brought the car back home. It has plenty of gas in it for the return trip. We filled up at Charlie & Leo's Pitstop under the water tower. The car took 18.5 gallons and Ed Reed took 4 gallons. Yes, the car was not out of gas. This story, which is totally false should cause the leaders of our country to pass laws prohibiting residents of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin from driving any vehicle except the traditional dog sled.

Everyone proved that they could stretch their vacations this year. Fr. Fitzgerald is the winnter and Rich Longsworth took second place with Dave Kenny a close third. Fr. Fitzgerald spend his vacation at Miami international Airport trying to get a flight to Cuba. No luck. All ge got was a good tan.

Our good-natured and empty-walleted Pulse business manager has just told us to stop writing for this time The budget is tight enough without wasting any more space, paper and ink on this trash. Thanks for the compliment, Beast!

Well, I simply must be going now. With all the pressure coming from Schwieterman Hall about stolen goods, I have finally decided that I must return the trousers I borrowed from one of the heftier brothers recently. Besides they don't fit me anymore now; I have put on a few pounds since then.

Ed Feicht

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cont. from p 24.

therapy, and through the social and personal accomplishments achieved while working with the patients. During our stay four of us boarded at private homes and the fifth stayed at the hospital, in the chaplain's quarters.

We are all grateful to Father Smolar and Father Tom Albers for the tremendous opportunities provided for us during our short visit. Both Chaplains devoted much time and energy to our personal advancement, making speicial efforts to acquaint us with the intricacies of hospital life and the special part the chaplain plays within this medical millieu. The staff of nurses, aides, and the sisters of the Little Company of Mary were pleasant comrads and a source of constant inspiration. In the big city setting of Chicago we were given numerous opportunities for cultural and social advancement, visiting the Museum of Science and Industry, the Prudential building, Bread Basket, Old Town, China Town, the Museum of Contemporary Art and last and least St. Joseph's College Calumet extension.

In retrospect I feel safe in making a general statement concerning the consensus of our feelings about our privileged experienced and those who make it possible. Naturally on the 19th when we left the symmetric collage of smog and bricks and journeyed back to our rustic, rural environment at St. Joseph's we shared a deep sense of gratitude and, even more, a refreshened hope for the future.

Gary Gettman

B. P. RETREAT

This is a time for many first in the society of the Precious Blood and from Jan. 22-25 the Brother Postulants at St. Joseph's College participated in one of these first events. It was the first time the postulants had their retreat separate from the seminarians so Bro. Gerard took advantage of this. A few weeks before the scheduled retreat he got in touch with Bro. Damien Carroll and asked him to give our retreat. Bro. Damien is a Passionist Frother and one of the leaders in the renewal of the "Brother Image". He is the editor of the monthly Brother's Newsletter and a member of the board of the Brother's Institute.

Right at the outset we could see that this man is a huge asset to the Brotherhood and that he would be a source of encouragement to us. A brother for 30 years, he was alive and full of enthusiasm. He was pro-Brother all the way.

His approach was basically informal to a topic that is really a big problem in this stage of religious life, community. He believes that community is one of the most important parts of religious life and that it actually boils down a simple consideration for one another. His approach to problems in community is just "to talk about it." He said if you have a problem understanding why a person wears sideburns or long hair, sit down with him and talk with him instead of just calling him a hippie or a screw-ball.

At times it was uncanny the way he could tell what kind of person you are, the things you thougnt about, and how you feel about certain subjects. He could tell the way you think about things just be knowing what kind of home life you have had.

His conferences lasted for a half hour to forty-five minutes and were followed by an informal discussion period. These were usually in the B.F. TV room. It was here that Bro. Damien really opened up to us. He had a hundred interesting stories to tell, and he delivered them like Bowan and Martin would. It was here that we saw his huge amount of enthusiasm for the Brotherhood and his crude ub akk Brothers. The effect was magical and everyone agreed that it was probably the best retreat we had ever had or ever will get in the future.

Gerard Montana

Bon Voyage

Last August two young men flew to Puerto Rico for a period of study in Ponce. They studied Spanish and the native culture of that country. They returned to the States in December for a rest and are now off again on still greater adventure.

On January 26, 1969, Tom Herm, C.PP.S. and Jim Gettig, C.PP.S. were the center of an impressive ceremony at St. Charles Seminary in Carthagena, Ohio. Many friends, relatives and Society members gathered to take part in the ceremonies. The Mass enveloped the entire event and was followed by a meal for all involved.

During the Mass, Joe Boton, C.PP.S. delivered an interesting talk that captured quite well the attention of all. Mr. Boton used Bill Cosby's comic dialogue between God and Noah as an illustration in his sermon. He spoke of the new frontier that Jim and Tom were entering upon, saying that they were revolutionaries in a sense. Following his oration, Fr. John Byrne, C.PP.S., provincial of the Cincinnatti Province, spoke in the purpose and the meaning of their endeavors. Fr. Byrne stressed the fact that it was not going to be an easy task for the two men. They were going to study at the University of Santiago in the country where they will later work. During the Mass, Fr. Byrne presented Tom and Jim with small mission crosses as symbols of their missionary status. The Mass was also highlighted by contemporary music.

Jim Gettig and Tom Herm are now in Santiago, Chile. We have confidence in them and know that they will carry the missionary spirit into South America with them.

Joe Herm

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Supers INFILTRATE Ranks

On Feb. 15 Brad Uhlenhake and Ed Stith became honorable residents of Xavier Hall. Ed and Brad, professed members of the Society of the Precious Blood, moved from 3rd floor of Schwieterman Hall where the society's philosophers are presently residing, to Fr. Spilly's room on the second floor of Xavier Hall.

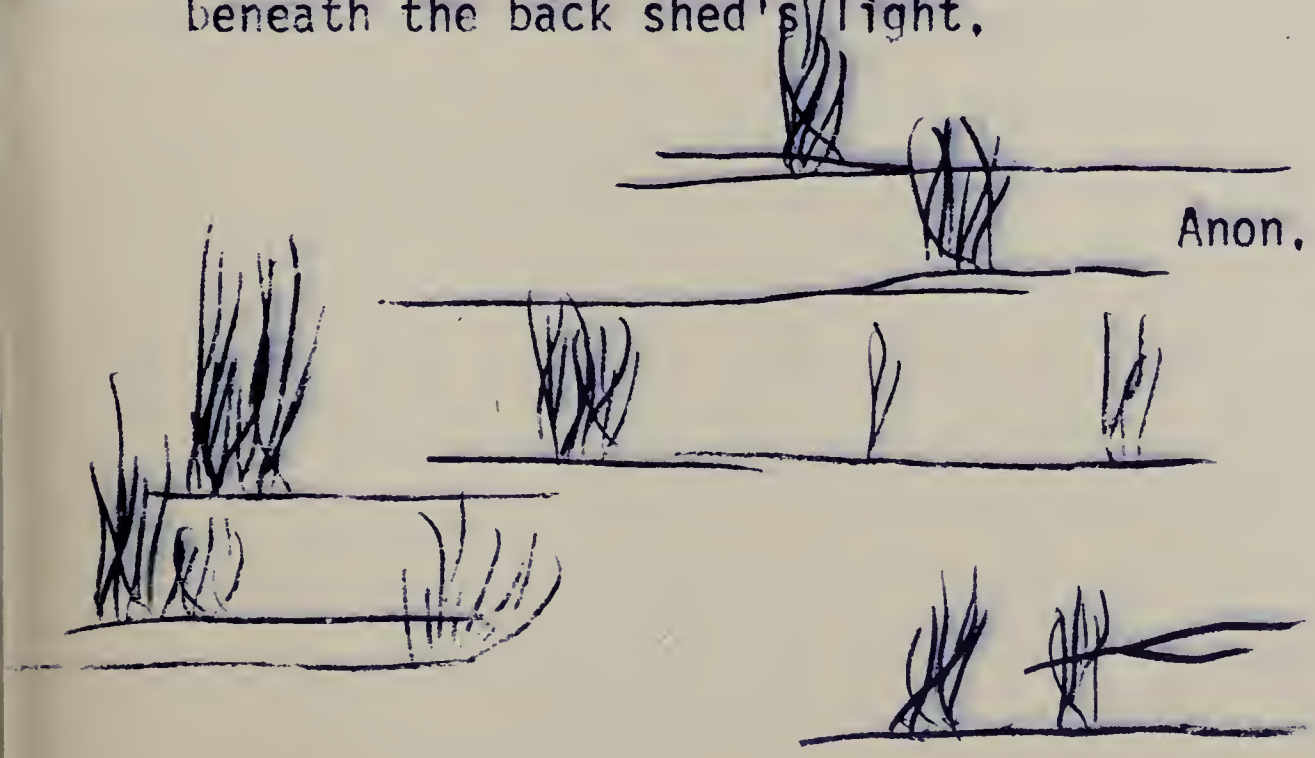
Both Ed and Brad responded enthusiastically to Fr. Hanish's suggestion that having supermongies live in the hall would strengthen and closen the relationship between professed and non-professed members. Reports that this duo were to act as prefects over the hall are totally false though they certainly did terrorize everybody temporarily. Equally untrue are rumors that Brad is moving over because he cannot fit into any of the Schwieterman rooms with three other supermongies. Just to be safe, however, we have taken the precaution to insist that Fat Al[redacted] and Big Ed Feicht not stand in the same room and time with Brad. Brad is presently preparing for a lead role in the March production of Waiting for Godot.

So relax, we are not regressing to a B-Dalian or Del Bufalonian prefect stage although I'm sure there are some who miss the alertness of Mr. Schwab, the creeping shoes of Brother Joachim, or the pleasant omnipresence of Brother Norbert Hoying. Brad and Ed will also be able to escort into Schwieterman any Xavierites who also want to develop better relationships with super-mongies.

TO AN AMBITIOUS SEEKER

They lit
and quickly left
the yardlight near the back shed's door,
And like a supernovae,
light burst upon the night
so bright and bold
that night, a sloth-like thief in tattered rags,
silently crept away.
Ichneumon flies came up like many copper coins
that little children toss in fountains,
And in a wild and whispering singing of wings,
sheen and dazzling like the stars,
they strangely sought the light,
like young men dying
before the unconquerable goal
with a burning desire to take yet one more breath
before the burst of eternity,
and in that ardor, died.
The light too died,
but left so cruelly
those cold and copper-colored bodies
upon the ground, stinking among the tall weeds,
Lost,
beneath the back shed's light.

Anon.



Pulse
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